

"BILDAD"

By Martha McCulloch Williams

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"B-i-l-d-a-d spells?"

"Bildad," the gang chorused before Graham could draw breath.

"Describe Bildad?" Graham said interrogatively.

"He's got a neck—also a necktie—red mostly," from Campbell.

"Feet also—we see 'em through its socks," from Brown.

"Shucks! Socks are all holes. Why don't you name its eye-winkers? They are what the books call salient," from Skerry in a tone of disgust.

"The class in unnatural history will all go foot. Not one has lit on the thing that makes Bildad Bildad," Graham said severely.

At this the rest looked mournful save Bildad himself. He sat up, an animated interrogation point, asking suavely: "Won't you please explain? Or had I better ask you to discriminate?"

"Discriminations not allowed under the eleventh rule and by-law of the camp," Campbell interrupted.

Skerry whistled. "I think it is article 47," he said. "Anyway, mere numbers don't matter. Go on, gallant Graham. Let's all hear the how, why and wherefore of Bildad."

"There is neither how nor wherefore—only a because," Graham explained. "Because Bildad writes woeful ballads—not to his mistress's eyebrow, but to her buzz wagon."

Murray, otherwise Bildad, smiled infantly. "I knew envy could make fellows do a lot," he said. "Still—I never thought it could reduce my comrades of the training table, the winning crew, quite to this."

"I demand proof. I never go back on a friend—unless it suits me," Skerry said, standing up and beginning a double shuffle.

Graham looked anxious. "If you are roundly insured all—moreover if there are life preservers handy—" he began, waving a folded typewritten sheet.

Murray stepped in front of him, bowed to the others and began, hand on heart: "He can't prove I did it—but I did. 'Guilty—and glad of it!' is my plea, friends and countrymen. Listen to how it happened—then—envy me—all you want to."

Murray folded his arms. "It rained—hard—and then some—day before yesterday. Remember?" he asked.

The others nodded in chorus.

"But I went a-wool-gathering in spite of it," Murray continued. "It is fit and meet that I should have come back shorn—of my heart."

"Who adopted it over again? It already has nine fairy godmothers, not to name seven sisters," Skerry remarked.

Murray smiled. "Some one wholly unacknowledged," he said. "Somebody stalled in a buzz-wagon, ten miles from gasoline, with only her dog for company, while the chauffeur splashed and swore his way to the nearest farmhouse phone. She was dry and lonely, I damp and adventurous. Inside five minutes we had struck up mutual acquaintances enough to serve as both introduction and chaperon. Of course we talked after that—had to talk of something. She, it appears, had read some rotten verse of mine in the 'Crimson'."

"She's a Harvard man—I begin to understand," Brown interpolated.

Murray shook his head promptly, and ran on: "No—but her sweet heart is—she told me all about him while we were getting acquainted. Bert Liscom is the happy man—you know how I dote on Bert—"

"Like pizen," Campbell murmured.

"Glad you understand," Murray flung back airily. "But, children, if you keep interrupting the preacher this sermon won't get anywhere. The Damsel in Distress deplures things up to date—they give poesy no chance. At least in her judgment—told her she was wrong—proved it by making an auto-limerick on the spot, and later getting off a full grown copy of verses. Had them typed in the town where she dropped me—wrote them there while I waited for the tram down. She has the original—it's a mere base carbon imitation that Newt. Graham is threatening to read—"

"He'd better—else we'll be threatening him with worse," Campbell said.

Skerry finished an elaborate pigeon wing, and kicked the logs of the camp fire. "The man that reads buzz-wagon verse to me, does it over my dead body," he announced. "But I will listen favorably to this much more—why our amiable and inimitable friend Dorset Murray chose to mask himself behind the name of Bildad?"

All hands had heard the verses—Graham had purloined them and read them in Murray's fishing time. Murray had been class-poet, no less stroke-oar—so it was joy indeed to rag him upon this camping trip, which was the good ending of long comradeship.

The camp was pitched in good greenwood, upon a hillside so adorably sylvan it was hard to believe that a hard white highway ran less than two hundred yards below it. Now, through the waning sunset, came the burr of a motor—all at once it checked. In the silence they caught a girl's clear treble crying distressfully:

"Bildad! O, you darling! Come back! Don't leave your Elsie."

Murray flushed through his tan as he felt the eyes of the others fixed meaningfully upon him.

Before he could speak there was a rushing scamper, a joyous whine—then a red Gordon setter burst up through the footpath and ran barking and capering straight to Murray.

Every man there knew the dog—



Splashed His Way to Nearest Farm House.

knew him for Murray's lost pet, Lord Chumley.

As he precipitated himself upon his master, licking his face, dancing about his knees, Skerry murmured thoughtfully:

"I begin to see a great light. She—" nodding toward the road—"dares to miscall him Bildad! It's a case of love my dog, love me."

"Shut up, you fellows! She must never know," Murray began eagerly. "She got the dog from the tramp who stole him—got the name, too. Of course I knew the scoundrel at once—and was wild to get him back—that's why I ventured so—after I'd seen her eyes. I had a change of heart—"

"Dear boy! We understand! Any of us would have had the same," Brown said, laying a hand on Murray's shoulder.

Nobody could say more, for just then along the path came Miss Elsie Minor, herself, blushing and beautiful, and bent on reclaiming her truant.

Then followed a joyous scene. As a sequel to the scene the last camp day resolved itself into a picnic upon the Minor lawn. As for the rest—Miss Minor changed her name finally to Murray, not Liscom. But Bildad was Bildad to the end of the chapter.

CONSIDERABLE OPPOSITION.

Col. "Abe" Gruber, at Saratoga, paused in an address to tell a story. "Yes," he said, "those two factions are as ineradicably opposed as Brown and Black. Brown and Black were always arguing. They could never see any question in the same light. 'Brown,' said Black one day, 'I wonder what would happen if you ever agreed with me on anything?' 'I'd be wrong, I'd be wrong,' Brown answered hurriedly."

NEW A GOOD DEAL.

Judge—Will you tell the jury all you know about the case.
Miss Jabber—Yes, if they can spare the time.

Rural Route 4.

Everyone was glad to see the snow. It averaged from 7 to 8 inches deep on a level.

Bert Hampton of Floris took dinner at Jesse Ponting's Sunday. He was on his way back to Mr. Loomis' home where he is drilling a well.

W. G. McCullough had the misfortune to sprain his ankle while hauling water on a sled last Saturday.

The Edgerly place is now vacant. Mr. Heitschmidt's brother will not move onto the place for a year.

Henry Ponting and wife spent Saturday at Jesse Ponting's.

Grandpa Knox, who recently returned to Missouri, is quite low and not expected to live.

Most of the neighbors had to go to town for coal during the stormy weather.

The mail carrier has to drive two horses these days.

Eureka Items.

(8 miles south and 3 miles west of Liberal.) Mr. and Mrs. Morehouse were in Liberal Saturday.

Mrs. Lubber's father and sister from the East are visiting her this week.

Mrs. S. A. Capps spent a few days with her son, V. Capps, this week.

Mr. Loomis was in Liberal Thursday of last week.

There are several new cases of measles, but they are all getting along nicely.

Geo. Evering is slowly recovering from his attack of rheumatism, but he is not yet able to walk around much.

Mrs. C. E. Morehouse now has over forty chicks. We fear that winter and little chickens won't get along very well together.

C. H. Morehouse and family were at C. E. Morehouse's Sunday.

Al. King and family took dinner at D. Ireland's Sunday.

Elder J. A. Akers, a Christian minister from Hooker, Oklahoma, preached after Sunday School Sunday and also in the evening. Hereafter he will preach for us every fourth Sunday both morning and evening.

Mrs. C. E. Morehouse spent Friday and Saturday with her daughter, Mrs. G. A. Kall.

Elder Sturgeon and Elder Akers took dinner at Ed. Hudkin's Sunday.

Lovica Morehouse spent Sunday night and Monday with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Kall.

Miss Bertha Morehouse resumed her school work at Nabisco this week.

Al. King and Sidney Capps were in Liberal Saturday.

Will Capps made a trip to Tyrone Saturday.

Mr. Sellers was on the sick list last week, but is better at this writing.

C. E. Morehouse has been doing Mr. Evering's chores since the latter has been laid up with rheumatism.

A Cold, LaGrippe then pneumonia

Is too often the fatal sequence. Foley's Honey and Tar expels the cold, checks the lagrippe and prevents pneumonia. It is a prompt and reliable cough medicine that contains no narcotics. It is safe for your children as your self.

For sale by all Druggists.

Oberr Observings.

Levi Davis was a Mosco visitor Friday.

John Ragan and family spent Sunday with Mrs. F. O. Odneal.

M. B. Cooper was a Liberal caller Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Davis took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Downing Sunday.

Albert Allen from Springfield, Ill., and Muriel Gibbons from Ulysses, Kansas are the guests of Roy and Walter Whetstone.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Rowan are visiting at Plains.

Herbert Brown, B. F. Brown, Will Nixon, and Rhoda Rosel were business callers in Liberal Saturday.

Macle German returned home Saturday from a pleasant visit at Little River.

A Christian Endeavor Society was organized at the Golden Plains school house Sunday night. The following is the list of officers for the ensuing term: Pres.—Herbert Brown, Vice Pres.—Claude Davis, Secretary—Alma Jerman, Treasurer—Walter Whetstone.

Charley Sutzman was in Liberal last Thursday.

Notice

Commencing March 1st we will give one 16 x 20 enlarged crayon portrait, with every \$5.00 or more worth of goods sold at our store at one time. We sell wall paper, paint, pictures, frames and moldings. We do painting, paper hanging and decorating. Brewer & Sutton 2nd door west of Post Office.

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Kansas State Fair, at Topeka Sept. 11 to 15, 1911.

Boys' Acre Contest.

To the Kansas boy under 18 years of age, growing the largest yield of corn from one acre of Kansas land. In the year 1911, \$30.00; second, \$20.00; third, \$15.00; fourth, \$12.00; fifth, \$8.00; sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth \$5.00 each.

The entire labor of preparing the ground, planting, cultivating, and harvesting of this acre of corn to be performed by the contestants who enter contest by sending their name and address to the office of H. L. Cook, Secretary of the Kansas state fair at Topeka, not later than May 20th, 1911.

Said acre to be measured, husked and weighed in the presence of two interested free holders, residents of said county in which the acre is located. Said Committee to forward affidavit as to weight and requirement of specifications in this contest to the Secretary of the Kansas State Fair, Topeka, not later than December 1st, 1911.

The contestant shall file with the Secretary a full and detailed account of his method of performing the work, fertilizers used, if any; whether bottom, hill or table land, and the character or kind of soil on which the crop was grown; with an accurate account of the cost of production, rent of ground, cost of plowing, harrowing, disking, planting, cultivating, husking, and every expense in labor, seed, fertilizer, etc., based on the actual time that entered into the production of this acre of corn.

On request contestants must forward ten stalks of corn from their respective acre to H. L. Cook, Secretary of Kansas State Fair, Topeka, Kansas, to be exhibited at Kansas State Fair, September 11th to 15th, 1911.

Farm loans—S. W. Smith.

Don't neglect your fire insurance. You may lose all in a few hours. Without tornado insurance you may lose all in an instant. Fire rates three years 80 cents per \$100. Tornado insurance 50 cents per \$100, for three years. Phone 5. LAND-THAYER LAND CO.

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My home property, a nine room house strictly modern, furnace heat, barn 24 by 32. Will sell six lots with property, or the 27 lots in same block which I own. Call or address I. B. Jordan, 2-10-2mo. Liberal Kansas.

Good Intentions.

Good intentions are seldom negotiable for cash. Ask the lazy schoolboy why he doesn't study and advance with his class. He will tell you that he intends to—sometime—but he never does. If you ask any improvident man or woman why they don't save and lay up something for a rainy day and they will tell you that they intend to—sometime—but they never do. Ask any slow improvident business man why he doesn't discard his old antiquated ways of doing business and adopt new, up-to-date, progressive methods of sales and advertising. All such will tell you that they intend to next week, next month or next year—but they never do.—Cover Chat.

New Furniture

This is the time of the year when everyone should look to the comfort of the home. We have nice rockers, book cases, writing desks, sofas and many other beautiful pieces of furniture which will add comfort to the home and be appreciated by the entire family.

Let Us Show Them to You.

W. H. FEATHER

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For Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass and Hand Painted China. We do Watch Repairing, and "if it ain't right, we'll make it right" : : : :

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